

# FITZSIMMONS EXHIBITS HIS RING METHODS BEFORE THE JOURNAL'S PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.

(From negatives taken expressly for the Journal by F. H. Busnell, of San Francisco.)



"RIGHT HAND CROSS COUNTER, GUARDING MY OPPONENT'S RIGHT AND DELIVERING MY RIGHT ON HIS JAW"



"POSITION AFTER DUCKING A RIGHT HAND SWING"



"POSITION DIRECTLY AFTER DUCKING MY OPPONENT'S LEFT HAND SWING. I AM ON THE ALERT TO TAKE ANY OTHER POSITION THAT MAY BE REQUIRED"



"THE FOUL PIVOT BLOW USING THE ELBOW."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE JOURNAL REPRESENTING FITZSIMMONS' PECULIAR STYLE

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"THE LEGITIMATE PIVOT BLOW"



"SIDE SLIPPING MY OPPONENT'S LEFT HAND LEAD."



"A RIGHT HAND BODY BLOW AND GUARD FOR A LEAD AT THE HEAD"



"A COMBINED SIDE STEP AND LUNGE AT THE BODY"

## PRAISE FOR CARSON AIR.

Williams Notes That the Nevada Climate Is a Superior Article.

IT MADE FITZ JOLLY.

Arrival of Some American Flags for Corbett's Belt Restores His Temper.

By T. T. Williams.

Carson, Nev., March 15.—Was there ever such glorious weather anywhere as Carson had to-day? Paraphrasing Sidney Smith, one might say: "The Creator no doubt has the power to make a finer day, but up to date He has not chosen to do so." Just the faintest breeze off the snow clad hills to make the air sparkle, blue skies, warm sun, temperature 73, lovely Sierra Nevada. There may be other pleasant surroundings to long for, but they don't seem to be known to the people now in Carson. The gamblers deserted the faro tables, the Indians shed a few of their blankets, the grangers deserted their farms and made holiday at the training quarters of both the fighters.

Fitz Felt Cheerful.

Fitz, who is a creature of moods, felt so jolly over the warm sunshine that he fairly bubbled, doing his work with as much zest as a boy shows playing marbles. What his work was I will leave to Muldoon to tell, and judging from the deep interest displayed in it by the great wrestler he was very much impressed.

Corbett was not quite so happy. A freight train had gone astray at Colfax and the overland train was four hours late. This meant delayed letters from home, and that always makes Corbett worry. He did get one letter from his wife, however, that came by the day train from San Francisco.

For Corbett's Belt, it contained a strip of silk ribbon, on

which were woven six small American flags, and which Mrs. Corbett asked Jim to stitch on the elaborate fighting belt she had made for him with her own hands. This is the belt Jim will wear when he enters the ring, and which will hang in his corner till the contest is over. Corbett read the letter, looked the strip of silk over and then retired to his cottage to meditate.

"It's just the thing that I needed," he said. "I'm of Irish parents, and I'm American champion as opposed to Fitzsimmons, who is an Englishman and represents that country. My belt has the American colors—red, white and blue—a big green sash for old Ireland, and now the American flags as a further mark of the country in whose honor and for whose flag I fight."

Corbett's Fighting Clothes.

I asked Corbett to describe minutely the ring costume he would wear on the all important day.

"I shall wear fighting shoes and stockings of course," he said. "My legs and upper body will be bare. Around my hips I will wear a trunk of elastic material. It will be red in color. Around my waist I will wear the belt made for me by my wife. It will be of silk, and red, white and blue in colors. The gloves will complete my costume. The colors I will have on my ring post will be the Irish and American and the royal banner of blue which was sent to me. They will all be entwined in the afternoon."

Corbett did walking exercise, accompanied by several of his handlers. He had a second meeting with Fitzsimmons, but no words passed between them this time. When Promoter Cooke arrived from San Francisco late this afternoon, he had a short conference with Stuart, as a result of which it is announced that all three fights would take place on Wednesday.

Money Easy at New Orleans.

New Orleans, March 15.—Money on the big fight is beginning to loosen up. There has been more betting to-day than at any time since the odds were first posted, a month ago. The principal betting so far has been in the turf exchanges. Harrison & Co. have taken in to-day \$1,200 on Corbett at 4 to 5, and \$500 at 7 to 10, as against \$300 on Fitzsimmons at even money and \$100 at 9 to 10. The Louisiana Turf Exchange has accepted \$1,000 on Corbett at 4 to 5 and \$500 on Fitzsimmons at odds ranging from even money to 6 to 5. W. J. Odell, a sporting man of Savannah, Ga., offered the Louisiana Turf Exchange a bet of \$3,000 on Corbett at 4 to 5, which was declined. The prevailing odds at present are 7 to 10 Corbett and even money Fitzsimmons.

To Bulletin the Fight.

Louis G. Allen has made arrangements to bulletin the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Tammany Hall to-morrow afternoon.

## CORBETT READY FOR THE EFFORT OF HIS LIFE.

The Californian Expresses Himself as Thoroughly Satisfied with His Training and Condition—He Also Names Himself as a Winner and Gives the Details of the Victory.

By James J. Corbett.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)  
Training Quarters, Shaw's Springs, Carson, Nev., March 15.—The weather this morning was spring-like; the air was warm, the sky clear, and the prospects for fine weather on Wednesday are exceedingly bright. The order of work which I inaugurated yesterday was followed to-day, and will be repeated again to-morrow—indoors in the morning and outdoors in the afternoon.

"This is done because the fight is slated to take place in the early part of the day. While my exertions to-day and to-morrow will equal in extent those of previous days, they will vary in character. In order to take no chances with my hands, I did no punching for the head to-day, but confined my attention entirely to the body. I shall probably 'cut out' boxing altogether from my work to-morrow."

I did no blocking with my arms, either yesterday or to-day. I simply kept away from the blows altogether. I want my arms to be thoroughly rested on Wednesday morning from the effects of boxing, wrestling and scuffling, and shall rely on the wrist machine, punching bag and handball exercises to preserve the muscular condition of those important members of my anatomy. This morning I did my last

work with the dumbbells. In fact, everything I do now is calculated to keep my system opened up and to give me the greatest possible speed for the important undertaking now almost at hand.

In First-Class Condition.

I am prepared to say that after I do a little sprinting on Wednesday morning no athlete was ever more fit for a performance than I will be. Never in my life have I enjoyed such health and spirits as I have during my present training. I have observed every common sense rule covering diet, mastication of my food, hours of rest and hours of work. Not one important consideration has been overlooked, and if justice were done I would be given as much credit on Wednesday for the fidelity of my training as I shall be for modifying some of Fitzsimmons' notions of his own fighting capacity.

As to the Length of the Fight.

Your inquiry as to the possible duration of the fight takes its place with scores of others of similar import which have been addressed to me. I can form no definite idea of that subject. I could tell you with some degree of accuracy after I have drawn out my opponent in the ring and determined upon what lines I will compel him to make battle. For instance, if he should resort to rushing tactics and I decided to play

a rumor going the rounds that a \$50,000 commission on Corbett had arrived. Several men who are anxious to take the Fitzsimmons end started out on a still hunt to find the holder of this big commission, but discovered early that it was a myth. They did find, however, a Westerner, Al Gage, the barbed wire manufacturer of Chicago, who had just \$10,000 worth of faith in Corbett and were prepared to swoop down upon him at the Gilsey House, when Jimmy Kelly, of Kelly & Bliss, offered to lay \$7,500 against Gage's \$10,000, that Corbett will win. This was agreeable to both and the money was posted with a hotel keeper, thus consummating the largest single wager on the fight to date. Later in the evening there were several other bets made, at odds of 100 to 75.

Sam O'Keefe, the Irish bard, bet \$100 to \$75 on Corbett, with J. E. McGowan; Dave Ryan and Tom Sharkey bet \$200 on Corbett, against Pat Sexton's \$150.

There was a rumor that Jakey Joseph and Joe Vendig were anxious to bet odds that Corbett would win first blood. Sammy Newman went hunting for either of these with a commission from Jack Ryan, of Atlanta, Ga.

Louis Wormser, son of the banker, is waiting quietly for the odds to fall to 100 to 75, when he will wager any part of \$7,000 that "Lanky Bob" is returned victor. "Honest John" Kelly, on the other hand, is holding out for a better price than is being quoted at present, and expects to get \$1,000 against \$2,000 that he wishes to post on Corbett's chances.

There is one thing I desire to invite to the attention of the sporting public. I referred to the relative hitting power of Fitzsimmons and myself. It is possible that the character of the battle may be such as to have the result to turn on hard hitting, and if it should, I expect to find a correction of the prevailing notions on that subject. It is probably due to my record on this point to say that those who have complained least about my hitting power are the men who have done battle with me.

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## BIG ONES MEET AGAIN.

The Corbett and Fitz Parties Come Together in the Road.

NO WORDS EXCHANGED.

They Did Not Speak as They Passed By—Some Harmless Excitement.

By Robert Edgren.

Carson, March 15.—Carson had another sensation to-day, in the shape of a second meeting of the champions. It was a bloodless clash, but one that stirred the portion of the community up to quite a pitch of excitement. Jim Corbett left the Shaw's Springs quarters this afternoon accompanied by his usual retinue of trainers and started down the road toward Carson City.

The champion had taken the same route for several of his morning jaunts during the past week or so, having determined upon the road best suited to his purpose. This road leads into Carson, but at the outskirts of that city another highway branches off and leads far up to the mountains that shut in the valley on the north. It happened that as Corbett and his following left the Springs another cavalcade swept into Carson from the South, hardly Bob Fitzsimmons on his daily jaunt, accompanied by his wife (who rode in a carriage), and his staff of hard-hitting workmen.

Leaving the knights of the glove behind him, Fitzsimmons got into his rig, took the reins and drove straight through town and out upon the highway that had come to be regarded as the exclusive property of James J. Corbett.

Fitz on Corbett's Trail.

Now, Corbett on a former occasion had encroached on the Australian's preserves in his desire to see the ancient footprints that made Carson famous in the scientific world, but as these prehistoric remnants do not extend north of the city I must conclude that Lanky Bob was looking out

for another and more modern trail. To quote that gentleman himself: "I thought I might see what kind of a place my rival had for his training, so I just drove out a little way on the road." It happened that Jim Corbett and his escort reached the turn in the road just as Fitz checked his horse and stopped to take a look at Shaw's Springs. Corbett, busily engaged in argument with a friend, strode quickly around the turn, and had passed some yards up the road before he noticed that anything unusual had occurred. Then Billy Brady whipped up his horse, and, riding alongside the Californian, said:

"There's your red-headed friend, Jim."

Corbett looked coolly around, saw Fitz sitting in his buggy, turned on his heel and walked up the road.

"I don't care to see him," said he, "I guess he'll be willing to wait until the seventeenth," and he dropped back into his argument. Fitz sat still for a moment and watched the fast receding form of his antagonist with a confident grin.

"Why, he's not big at all," cried his wife, "Bob, hurry and drive out that way so that we can take a look at him."

But Mr. Fitzsimmons objected. "I won't do it," said he. "I've seen all I care to of a very ungentlemanly end until Wednesday." And he turned his horse, and drove back to town.

Betting at Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., March 15.—Betting odds on the great fight continue to favor Corbett. At Vere Davies's place to-day T. Hughes bet \$400 to \$300 with M. Fitzgerald; at Chapin & Gore's J. Bond bet Pat Gulla \$250 to \$200; at Powers & O'Brien's Ed. Wagner bet \$100 to \$750 with Farnum, of the Board of Trade.

The Game at Boston.

Boston, March 15.—Betting to-day on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight was brisker than on any previous day. Al Aronson placed \$1,500 at 10 to 9 on Corbett. J. Samuels bet \$500 to \$475 Corbett would win in eighteen rounds. Tom Johnston, of Portland, placed what he called his best bet—\$200 to \$100, on Fitzsimmons to win in fifteen rounds. To-morrow it is expected that considerable betting will be done, and that it will be even.

Much in Little

is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole

Hood's Pills

medicinal chest, always ready, always efficient, a way's satisfactory prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.